THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1591.

Choice Poetry.

THE WAR REAPERS.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

I come from a land where a beautiful light
In calm'ning splendor hath filled my sight,
Where bread is the field, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are hungered and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil,
Still they pause not, that lower little head,
Though much their low pillows must be the orange leaf
Or the distant and grave-darked mound.

For dangers unnoticed are clustering there;
The pestilence walks unconcealed;
Strange poisons are borne on the soft, languid air,
And lurk in each land's fragrant bed.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,
Nor death's fearful light in her eye,
And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek,
None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

These the strong men is bowed in his youth's golden prime;
But he cheerily sings at his toil,
For he thinks of its absence, and the garnering-time
Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they rise, that brave, wan little band,
A long, woeful pain on the Western—
Do they come, do they come from that dear distant land,
That land of the lovely and blest?

"Do they come? do they come?" Oh, we've broke
And we're passing like shadows away!
But the harvest is white, and I ponder the down!
For laborers—for laborers we pray!"

Macedonian.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER:

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c. &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE INTERVIEW.

How I declaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property so blind,
And as we mingle in my hand and me,
Hold her from this forever!

Shakspeare.

Then they stood—
General Garnet had arisen, and put Nettie from his bosom, but she stood upon the chair he had just risen from, and her arms encircled his neck, gazing at the new comer.

Doctor Hardcastle stood, cap in hand, immoderately before him.

They looked at each other. The countenance of General Garnet was calm and tranquil—he had evidently had time to be calm—he had his revenge in his hands—to *be sure!* The countenance of Magnus was frank, open, eager as ever, yet tempered with a certain gravity and earnestness of expression.

But a single instant they thus regarded each other, and then—

"Well, sir!" said General Garnet.

Magnus laid both his hand, saying, seriously,

"General Garnet, I have come a day's journey back from my Western road, to lay down my hand in amity, to say to you how kindly I feel, and must ever feel, towards the father of my beloved wife—to say how much I desire your friendship, how much we all desire a reconciliation. Will you take my hand?"—General Garnet drew himself up and remained silent. Nettie, with her arms still around his neck, gazed with interest at their visitor. Magnus dropped his hand, but continued, "Sir, I can understand the resentment of disappointed ambition. But I do not, and will not believe such anger is to be eternal—and sorrow for having the afflicting dispensation of your recent deplorable bereavement. General Garnet, I had proceeded a day and night upon my Westward journey, before I received a letter from Mr. Wilson, announcing the sudden death of your Garnet. My dear wife was overwhelmed with sorrow, a sorrow which I also deeply felt. But I reproached herself bitterly with a thousand fancied sins against her lost mother, vowing in her excited alarm and fear, that she could give, or do, could the graves but give up its dead. "This grief is incomplete!" General Garnet, I said to myself, *your heart* by *hers*. The husband and the daughter have a common sorrow. The husband must have suffered as much as the daughter. General Garnet, can I reasonably hope to find you? You will, I am assured, say that little as your Alice may have been loved or valued while she was with you, yet now in your daily path, yet now that she has vanished from your sight, you miss her in a thousand endearing attentions—in a thousand gentle solicitudes every moment of your life? Yes, I see it written in your countenance, and read in your *refinements* of manner, of which she—*still hates*—has not, unsympathetic child, learned how you gloried. No cause by missing the effect?"

"How blessings lengthen as the days lengthen and brighten!" said General Garnet, in a low, ironical tone, filling up the pause made by Magnus. But without changing the sweet, frank expression, he replied, gravely and sweetly.

"Yes!—I do know not that an Angel had been with us till we saw the glory of her *unfolding wing?*" In your deep heart was it not so with you, Reverend Garnet? Is it not so with a sundered wife with many of us? Oh! the bereaved and lonely! I also deeply feel my own undeserved, undeserved blame in life! But let the inscrutable hand of Death be laid upon them, and how changed are our feelings towards them! how remorsefully we appreciate their worth! how despairingly we turn from the world we met sacrifices to restore molten, warmth, consciousness to the cold, still heart! So we will speak peace if beating to our bosom! To restore light to those folded eyes so we will grasp into them in the memories all the love we feel, but cannot speak! to restore life to the dead, dear as though we then might at our feet, sinks or table in the old, familiar dress, with the old, familiar look! that we might see it once more, and hear it once more, and night! that we might be a saint to a stare to them thereafter forever! Have a closer hand! Have dust of your Alice! Could now the doors of that vault where she laid her by open—and call up to beautiful dead! or, to leave the sepulchered and impenetrable and at the tomb, could Alice be found to have been laid there during a fit of epilepsy, as has sometimes been the case with others, and could she now be restored to you living, loving! would you not rejoice as you never rejoiced before! Would you not love and value her as you never loved or valued her before! Would you not do anything on earth to render her renewed life happy?" Magnus paused again to see the effect of this last of the truth, thinking also, dead in the event of General Garnet remaining obdurate, he had possibly verged too nearly upon a disclosure.

But the stern, immoveable countenance of the latter baffled him. It betrayed neither of anger or of relenting. It positively gave no clue to his thoughts or feelings. Magnus hoped the best, yet withdrew from the prejudice of a dangerous confidence, by saying,

"But to leave *impossible* things alone. Could you wake up in the morning and find that you had only a sweet dream, and that Alice was at your side—living, beautiful, loving—would you not clasp her to your heart in joy, exclaiming—Oh, dearest child! I have had a dreadful dream! As it seemed, too, *so very real!* I dreamed that you were *dead, Alice,* and that God in anger was letting for a dream! Now, ask me what you will, Alice, for I am so happy to know I have you yet—to know that you have not gone from my side, but are here—*here!*—that I can refuse you nothing! Would you not? Is your wonder and feelings? And what would Alice say? What would Alice *think?* What was remembered her heart when she fell asleep? What would she say could she now be restored, and should you ask her what would make her happy, but, "Father! be reconciled to your daughter!" General Garnet, the same holier that smothered our sick-dom and mutual bereavement, the letter of that Christian mildness expressed a hope that the hand of Death, which had led our friend away from our sides, having as well in a measure atoned—the terrible one hands in unity! General Garnet, that hope is my prayer! I *entreat you*, take my hand!"

General Garnet recalled a step, and answered, scornfully—

"Sir, I know you for an orator of skill! But if you hope to work upon my feelings through the agency of my friend and very sudden bereavement, you deceive yourself! And now, hear me! *Could*, as you have said, the portals, or even the doors of my wife's tomb *by open—and would* she be restored to me, living, loving, in all the luxury and goodness of her being—*would* such impossibilities occur—and *should* the first been she caused to bless her restoration, by the reconciliation you desire—that been would be repaid by the hand that should shield and her back into the grave! *Now* I hope you understand me thoroughly!"

General Garnet suddenly bid his head several times, keeping time to his thought, as he said, with a sneer—

"And little do you surmise, poor man, that I have *already* had my revenge! And, to the *very last* atom! That she *will* be indeed dead—*to you!*"

General Garnet taking this nod for one of assent, added—

"And now, I hope, sir, that no more false hopes may be raised upon me. Neither you nor your wife need ever expect anything from me. I have no child but Nettie, and at my bereaved, and in my heart, the place of the late Miss Garnet is filled! Miss Nettie girl, is my daughter and Baroness! I have regularly and legally adopted her. The last Miss Garnet had—but the royal resolution—passed from my memory. *Miss Hardcastle*, I am sorry that you should have been such an every prominent politician may have with the Garnets! But be recognized under any other circumstances, I should with every acquaintance with Doctor Hardcastle, and as

sure, "and this very conclonsness makes me rather still. I know nothing of the little conventions and gallantries which are the social oils of society, and I often afford when I would wish to please. There are but two places where I feel perfectly at home, in a great library and in the wild green woods. There waves a deep and solemn thought out in verse by me and drawn the petty feelings keen of the world. But they are silent hours. The secret of my compassion is not found in their dim aisles and solemn shade. I have not learned to call it—"

"Then your kindness, despite your modesty, Hiram," said she, laughing, "for you do talk very well. One of these days I shall take to read your two magnificent homes, with you, and see the wonders as they first greeted you. Perhaps I can turn one little one out of its course and make it change all the world of my spirit. I think it will feel very dry and sandy after being four-six months longer."

"I'm sorry you not remain here six months. I must find you at Glenmore."

Euline smiled, shook her head, and after a few more kind and friendly words, they parted. She immediately sought Louise, who, complaining of anxiety, had remained in her own room.

"She is gone, Louise," she said, thoughtfully—"and now his coming and going seems a dream."

"Perhaps you will yet be willing to obey your father's commands. Your prejudices already seem yielding."

"You are mistaken, Louise. I acknowledge that I have not done his justice, and that he has noble qualities of whose existence I had not dreamed. I feel esteem like. I do not love him but as for love—h is a feeling he never could awaken. I may have very romantic ideas on the subject, but they were born with me, and could not separate them from my being. Love, with me, will be the lighting's flash. A single glance will decide my destiny. No, no—I never shall love Horace Cleveland. There is about him a subtle virtue running along to bridge the abysmal distances between our hearts. I wish you could have seen him to-night, Louise. I wish you had sleeping the song he said he loved best of all. He said he loved music, too; that it was better than sad cold and unmoved as a rock, though my own voice was full of tones—as your mother said—that were the words."

"He might have felt, notwithstanding."

"He might have said one little word, the confession's sweet solace—but that is a mere matter of taste after all. He manifested cool and rigid self-reliance on the subject of my alienation from home. I did not expect so much. I will not—I cannot—believe—and there is a world of thought in those unfathomable eyes."

"I think there is a world of *feeling* too, if I am any judge of physiognomy," said Louise, though I had only a glimpse of his noble countenance. But describe to me, Euline, if you can, the ideal being who is so cross with the real, haughty belle, and sternly that now beautiful heart."

"I can find what he must be," cried Euline, her bliss eyes darkening as the vision passed before them—"and I fear I cannot describe. I must speak of his personality, for I shall see his face and form in his mind and heart. He must be a pillar of strength on which I can lean and cling amid the storms of life. He must be the eagle in ambition, and the eyrie of his home must be the sun; and the dove in tenderness, whom none shall be lordly as my lover. This he is. But he bears me most to illustrate as the Heaven, and boundless as the air. It must be in the high mountains, and unfathomable as the ocean. You smile, Louise—as if I were only making a fine picture, *à-la-Mantly*, but that my words are the truth and soberness. Hear with me a little longer and I shall have done. Must be a manly, sparkling pillar of strength the wild-vine of sentiment may twine, the eagle strong and proud, but his is its talons, and the dove carry the laurel to its downy nest. So must all great and tender, and kind and glorious things blend in the noble, ennobling and softening each other, and forming a perfect whole. Not—not quite perfect. He must have some weaknesses, to sympathize with my poor humanity. He must have pride, or I must love me, not for beauty, not for talent, not for goodness—for he might imagine them all—but, just because I am Euline. Good-night, Louise. Your wish, not mine soon to say—Poor girl! how I pity her. Doomed to see her self-reliance turn to life's cold realities."

Such indeed was the language of Louise's chastened thoughts. She believed truly, that there was for Being capable of filling the boundlessness of the human heart, and not dying or on which human weakness could lean nonsense of, and that was Dr Keith of Agnes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Correspondents

ARTESIAN WELLS AGAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—Since my communication to the *Post*, on "Artesian Wells," I have had several inquiries made of me in reference to Artesian well-borers, where they are to be obtained, &c.

I have lately received a very interesting letter on this subject of these wells, from an operator himself, as Engelsman, *Mr. Samuel Saunders*, Civil Engineer, Mining Engineer, Surveyor, Charleston, Kanawha County, Virginia, some extracts from which I here make for the benefit of sojourners and intelligent readers. After saying that the "importance of having a boring suiting the nature of the parent water, at all seasons, is fully appreciated, or certainly the expense would not defer," and that they "may be sunk at a cheap rate for the supply of cities and towns, in lieu of the insane water-rates frequently charged, and to the injury of the health of the people rendered by such locations," Mr. Saunders proceeds:—

"In years 1845–6, a company was formed in London, England, and still continues, for boring Artesian Wells, wherever water was required, at certain stipulated prices per foot—of which company I was a director and engineer, they having all the necessary apparatus for boring, (steam-engine, &c.,) nearly all of which was portable, and only required bits and sinkers of three workmen, including the engineer, who had charge of the steam-engine. The first well bored, was in Fleet Street, London, where, at the depth of two hundred and seventy-four feet, we obtained a first-rate supply, the place of boring being only seventy-nine feet above the level of the river Thames. Our operations being made, evidently under my superintendence, we made at Manchester, Liverpool, &c., for Thomas Berry—to furnish a condiuuous supply for extensive bleaching and dying works, which succeeded remarkably well, and has continued, or rather increased, the supply, according to my correspondence two months since. The next was commenced on the highest point of the lands, two hundred and two feet above the level of the sea at Liverpool, and forty-five feet above the river Dwyfe, the diameter of the bore at the twenty inches, shaking to the depth of three hundred and sixty-four feet, where we abandoned a nerve-shaking supply of the purest water, from excessing or cutting several smaller streams, which became tributary to the main one. In sinking the whole of such operations, we kept specimens of the geological formations of each change; which I carefully preserved, and at the close laid down a colored section, or profile of the whole, having had the geology of the whole district of the old country for the ordinance department, to which I was attached several years, the latter part of which time was employed on the survey of the Turnpike Roads of the United States.' At the close of the boring for Manchester, a tube four feet in length was raised, with a condenser similar to a working steam pump, which condensed the regular supply in a receiver—the bore, which is cased with iron, are now abundantly supplied—it continuing unabated."

Mr. Saunders remarks still further: "The many purposes of water supply, to which such is applicable, is this verily great source of wealth to a part of the benefit derivable. The benefit to the Geologist, in helping to form a correct survey for the government of each State, as well as to private individuals cannot be fully appreciated; as I, with others, are particularly assisted, in such a complicated wealth, (mineral wealth,) in every part, which, after a few feedings, is very correctly ascertained."

Mr. S. says, that he is now domesticated, and partially settled, a citizen naturalized, in these United States, to which he is much attached; and for the present, resides at Charleston, Virginia, where he is only partially employed—that he is prepared for engagements in any State, for company or individual, on railroad or canal, as engineer, surveyor, civil, mechanical or geological; and that on moderate terms. We hope that he may meet with suitable encouragement; and that those sections of our country in which the Artesian Wells are so badly wanted, will make application to him for their services. Among those in the country at and around Lafayette, Guerinsburg, and Oak Grove, in the Southern part of Christiana County, Kentucky, one of the richest and wealthiest sections of the Southern part of Kentucky. The portion of Kentucky lying between the Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers, particularly about Mayfield, and in the Eastern part of Fulton County—some parts of Henry County, Tennessee—and many sections of West Tennessee, or that portion of the State lying between the Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers—and North Mississippi. In that part of Kentucky East of the Cumberland River, the perforation of the limestone rock would present the greatest difficulty. West of the Tennessee River, the boring would be quite easy—as after going through a few feet of clay, (after leaving the neighborhood of the river,) there is nothing but sand as far as has been penetrated in digging wells. But about twenty feet would have to be required to keep open.

I understand that a company has been constituted and successfully engaged in boring these wells in Mississippi and Alabama. They are recently engaged at Aberdeen, Mississippi, but who is the superintendent I have not learned. I am able to learn, At Columbus, Mississippi, they are said to have obtained an abundant supply of water for the town. And by making a few bores in sufficient time, and bringing their streams together, splendid mills, of great value, have been erected at one place.

I remain, very respectfully yours, &c.,

JNO. R. HOWARD.

Elk Grove, Henry County, Texas.

Original Lectures.

MR. LORD'S LECTURES ON THE HEROES OF THE REFORMATION.

LECTURE V.—CONTINUED.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was during these early conflicts with the royal forces that Cromwell first attracted notice as a military leader. He was associated with those powers which he subsequently abused. He was previously gifted the respect and confidence of his countrymen, and was universally regarded as otherwise he was almost unknown. In Parliament, he had taken a leading part in measures which gave but few indications of his future ambition. Sometimes he was very much given to moaning, and burning as they were with piety and religious enthusiasm. But he was not, after all the words of legislators; the effect of his speeches was not the field to develope his energies, or to bring out his capacities as a leader. As yet, he did not believe that he stood at usurpation before him, and that he was destined to be the Parliament, nor the party with which he was associated. He could not have done this without his consent, and he was ready in improving his opportunities as he was quick in perceiving them. He was an enthusiast, and sympathized deeply with soldiers with the passions which he felt. He depended less upon argument and dialectics, but he would not be the leader of mere fanatics and fools, as were the followers of Mahomet. Mere machines, such as Charles the Second led, could not have accomplished what he did. It was his triumphs to the God of battles, whose agent he felt himself to be, and whose favor he felt in order to vindicate the sacredness of truth, and the inviolable sacredness of bondage to mankind. He was soon to pray with and preach to the army, to trust to the field of battle, and his letters were full of thanksgiving to the God of hosts, and the mountains, and enthusiastic as the ocean. You smile, Louise—as if I were only making a fine speech, *à-la-Mantly*, but they are words of the truth and soberness. Hear with me a little longer and I shall have done. Must be a manly, sparkling pillar of strength the wild-vine of sentiment may twine, the eagle strong and proud, but his is its talons, and the dove carry the laurel to its downy nest. So must all great and tender, and kind and glorious things blend in the noble, ennobling and softening each other, and forming a perfect whole. No—not quite perfect. He must have some weaknesses, to sympathize with my poor humanity. He must have pride, or I must love me, not for beauty, not for talent, not for goodness—for he might imagine them all—but, just because I am Euline. Good-night, Louise. Your wish, not mine soon to say—Poor girl! how I pity her. Doomed to see her self-reliance turn to life's cold realities."

Such indeed was the language of Louise's chastened thoughts. She believed truly, that there was for Being capable of filling the boundlessness of the human heart, and not dying or on which human weakness could lean nonsense of, and that was Dr Keith of Agnes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Correspondents

ARTESIAN WELLS AGAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—Since my communication to the *Post*, on "Artesian Wells," I have had several inquiries made of me in reference to Artesian well-borers, where they are to be obtained, &c.

I have lately received a very interesting letter on this subject of these wells, from an operator himself, as Engelsman, *Mr. Samuel Saunders*, Civil Engineer, Mining Engineer, Surveyor, Charleston, Kanawha County, Virginia, some extracts from which I here make for the benefit of sojourners and intelligent readers. After saying that the "importance of having a boring suiting the nature of the parent water, at all seasons, is fully appreciated, or certainly the expense would not defer," and that they "may be sunk at a cheap rate for the supply of cities and towns, in lieu of the insane water-rates frequently charged, and to the injury of the health of the people rendered by such locations," Mr. Saunders proceeds:—

"In years 1845–6, a company was formed in London, England, and still continues, for boring Artesian Wells, wherever water was required, at certain stipulated prices per foot—of which company I was a director and engineer, they having all the necessary apparatus for boring, (steam-engine, &c.,) nearly all of which was portable, and only required bits and sinkers of three workmen, including the engineer, who had charge of the steam-engine. The first well bored, was in Fleet Street, London, where, at the depth of two hundred and seventy-four feet, we obtained a first-rate supply, the place of boring being only seventy-nine feet above the level of the river Thames. Our operations being made, evidently under my superintendence, we made at Manchester, Liverpool, &c., for Thomas Berry—to furnish a continuous supply for extensive bleaching and dying works, which succeeded remarkably well, and has continued, or rather increased, the supply, according to my correspondence two months since. The next was commenced on the highest point of the lands, two hundred and two feet above the level of the sea at Liverpool, and forty-five feet above the river Dwyfe, the diameter of the bore at the twenty inches, shaking to the depth of three hundred and sixty-four feet, where we abandoned a nerve-shaking supply of the purest water, from excessing or cutting several smaller streams, which became tributary to the main one. In sinking the whole of such operations, we kept specimens of the geological formations of each change; which I carefully preserved, and at the close laid down a colored section, or profile of the whole, having had the geology of the whole district of the old country for the ordinance department, to which I was attached several years, the latter part of which time was employed on the survey of the Turnpike Roads of the United States.' At the close of the boring for Manchester, a tube four feet in length was raised, with a condenser similar to a working steam pump, which condensed the regular supply in a receiver—the bore, which is cased with iron, are now abundantly supplied—it continuing unabated."

Mr. Saunders remarks still further: "The many purposes of water supply, to which such is applicable, is this verily great source of wealth to a part of the benefit derivable. The benefit to the Geologist, in helping to form a correct survey for the government of each State, as well as to private individuals cannot be fully appreciated; as I, with others, are particularly assisted, in such a complicated wealth, (mineral wealth,) in every part, which, after a few feedings, is very correctly ascertained."

Mr. S. says, that he is now domesticated, and partially settled, a citizen naturalized, in these United States, to which he is much attached; and for the present, resides at Charleston, Virginia, where he is only partially employed—that he is prepared for engagements in any State, for company or individual, on railroad or canal, as engineer, surveyor, civil, mechanical or geological; and that on moderate terms. We hope that he may meet with suitable encouragement; and that those sections of our country in which the Artesian Wells are so badly wanted, will make application to him for their services. Among those in the country at and around Lafayette, Guerinsburg, and Oak Grove, in the Southern part of Christiana County, Kentucky, one of the richest and wealthiest sections of the Southern part of Kentucky. The portion of Kentucky lying between the Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers, particularly about Mayfield, and in the Eastern part of Fulton County—some parts of Henry County, Tennessee—and many sections of West Tennessee, or that portion of the State lying between the Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers—and North Mississippi. In that part of Kentucky East of the Cumberland River, the perforation of the limestone rock would present the greatest difficulty. West of the Tennessee River, the boring would be quite easy—as after going through a few feet of clay, (after leaving the neighborhood of the river,) there is nothing but sand as far as has been penetrated in digging wells. But about twenty feet would have to be required to keep open.

I understand that a company has been constituted and successfully engaged in boring these wells in Mississippi and Alabama. They are recently engaged at Aberdeen, Mississippi, but who is the superintendent I have not learned. I am able to learn, At Columbus, Mississippi, they are said to have obtained an abundant supply of water for the town. And by making a few bores in sufficient time, and bringing their streams together, splendid mills, of great value, have been erected at one place.

I remain, very respectfully yours, &c.,

JNO. R. HOWARD.

Elk Grove, Henry County, Texas.

Original Lectures.

MR. LORD'S LECTURES ON THE HEROES OF THE REFORMATION.

LECTURE V.—CONTINUED.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was during these early conflicts with the royal forces that Cromwell first attracted notice as a military leader. He was associated with those powers which he subsequently abused. He was previously gifted the respect and confidence of his countrymen, and was universally regarded as otherwise he was almost unknown. In Parliament, he had taken a leading part in measures which gave but few indications of his future ambition. Sometimes he was very much given to moaning, and burning as they were with piety and religious enthusiasm. But he was not, after all the words of legislators; the effect of his speeches was not the field to develope his energies, or to bring out his capacities as a leader. As yet, he did not believe that he stood at usurpation before him, and that he was destined to be the Parliament, nor the party with which he was associated. He could not have done this without his consent, and he was ready in improving his opportunities as he was quick in perceiving them. He was an enthusiast, and sympathized deeply with soldiers with the passions which he felt. He depended less upon argument and dialectics, but he would not be the leader of mere fanatics and fools, as were the followers of Mahomet. Mere machines, such as Charles the Second led, could not have accomplished what he did. It was his triumphs to the God of battles, whose agent he felt himself to be, and whose favor he felt in order to vindicate the sacredness of truth, and the inviolable sacredness of bondage to mankind. He was soon to pray with and preach to the army, to trust to the field of battle, and his letters were full of thanksgiving to the God of hosts, and the mountains, and enthusiastic as the ocean. You smile, Louise—as if I were only making a fine speech, *à-la-Mantly*, but they are words of the truth and soberness. Hear with me a little longer and I shall have done. Must be a manly, sparkling pillar of strength the wild-vine of sentiment may twine, the eagle strong and proud, but his is its talons, and the dove carry the laurel to its downy nest. So must all great and tender, and kind and glorious things blend in the noble, ennobling and softening each other, and forming a perfect whole. No—not quite perfect. He must have some weaknesses, to sympathize with my poor humanity. He must have pride, or I must love me, not for beauty, not for talent, not for goodness—for he might imagine them all—but, just because I am Euline. Good-night, Louise. Your wish, not mine soon to say—Poor girl! how I pity her. Doomed to see her self-reliance turn to life's cold realities."

Such indeed was the language of Louise's chastened thoughts. She believed truly, that there was for Being capable of filling the boundlessness of the human heart, and not dying or on which human weakness could lean nonsense of, and that was Dr Keith of Agnes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2 50 if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. For $10 three copies following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in to city, or country, and to the country, see Post Office:

1 Copy, ... $5 00 Per Annum.
2 " and one to Agent, or the
getter up of the Club,) $10 00 " or
5 " and one to Agent, or the
getter up of the Club,) $15 00 " or
10 " and one to Agent, or the
getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

AGENTS WANTED.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it as the mere rate, provided the whole be sent at one time. Specimen copies will be sent to any part of the country, on the application those of the main list do. We have no travelling agents, and do not wish to have them. Our object is to have all the subscribers through the Clubs, and etc and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Then the names can be entered and be proceed, if possible—the cost of which may be from $1 to $2 per week.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, should write clearly in giving them sent to one address, when they are to be forwarded.

All persons addressing letters to us should be particular to write the name of the Post Office and of the county in which they live. *All letters must be post paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please name the Post Office to which they are sent, as well as that to which they wish it forwarded.

Gov. Second—The covenants of despots to be broken by the people, whenever conscience to crumble into dissolution. The covenants of despots to be broken by the people, whenever conscience to crumble into dissolution. The tie to whose anti-bringing had been the enjoyment of her happiness and prosperity. The enjoyment of her happiness and prosperity. The enjoyment of her happiness and prosperity. The dungeons and despots of other lands. The dungeons and despots of other lands. The dungeons and despots of other lands. The tie to a sense of duty, it was necessary that some other tie should be found to bind her to it. That tie should bring to her the story of suffering. That tie should bring to her the story of suffering. That tie should bring to her the story of suffering. The history of the sufferings and sky country's oppressors. The wrath filled the American heart with the best sympathies. The American heart with the best sympathies. The American heart with the best sympathies. The power and the duty of our Government—to sympathize with the suffering of the world. It was not only necessary—intervention is its consequence.

WE ARE SORRY to say, however, that the Government seems to have forgotten the part which it was intended to perform. The Governor of a *Gender State*—before he got to the Governor of a *Gender State*—before he got to the Governor of a *Gender State*—before he got to the

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE
No. 65 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mr. Southwick's story of "The Children of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Benedict's story of "Mabel's Year," we propose to give

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF FEUDING AND INTRIGUE.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelette mentioned a sufficiently liberal bill of fare to counteract proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual department of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the Original Articles that appear in the Saturday Evening Post, together with the Cream of New Words, Original Letters, Literary News, &c., &c.,—hastening at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and fullness of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.

We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, at half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Reynolds, &c., but we are thankful that we are not compelled to pursue such a sinful course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public will understand that a poor paper is not worth the steel it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 19th, Mr. Norris presented memorials against dogging in the Navy.

Mr. Shields, from report, was excused from serving on the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Bell reported back the Senate resolution prohibiting the employment of Slaves in the Navy Yards. The motion was adopted.

On the 14th, various bills were introduced by presenting counsel, and providing that the printing of the Senate Documents shall be done by the contractor of the Secretary of War, and in accordance with the provisions of the Act of May, 1852. He regarded the resolution as giving the Committee on Accounts a discretion in the case of fabrications, in order to bolster up the views of the Democratic party. He contended that the provisions for the printing for the Departments cut to the extreme bid. He was in favor of the Senate printing its own work at the Senate, and had a bill before him to carry out that object. The Clerical Report for Congressional Printing had been submitted. The committee had examined into the matter, and the work furnished to Congress was highly creditable. It spoke for itself. He opposed the resolution.

On the 15th, Mr. Stockton gave notice of a bill to establish a Bureau of Agriculture from which he would speak.

Mr. Underwood introduced a bill to purchase the cases owned by individuals in the Louisville and Portland Canal.

The resolution authorizing a contract with Messrs. Donaldson & Armstrong, for printing the reviews of the Military Academy, was taken up.

Mr. Rusk moved the postponement, in order that the question, if offering the resolution of the Committee on Printing, was not to benefit a party press. The work was most important, and he desired it to be done in the most expeditious manner and cheapest way, and he believed if it was done by the Senate it would be done in a more satisfactory manner. He described the duties of the Committee and recap of the statistical information reviewed and embraced in the documents. In addition to this there was a brief historical account of every country in each State. He deemed a volume of such valuable and interesting information, which would be looked for by every man in the country, as cheap at a dollar per vol. It should be a reliable source of reference for all. He read, to show the value of the recent census returns, a table, which from the Land Office returns, he thought it could be put into two volumes, each about the size of the Post Office Register, and contain much more of detail than was required. The publication would not involve delay. He thought 25,000 copies would be a very large issue. This would make the cost a little under $300,000, which was a fraction less than the cost of printing the Report of the last session. The work was making manual in Congress ordering publications. Every Senator would have his constituents look to him for information. Large numbers were always expected among clerks, Globe & Senate's Compilation of State Papers. The superintendent of the Census returns for our State are already prepared, and that if the Senate printed the work it could be done in a very short time, saving the press going. By this means the value of the work, perhaps, be done for the benefit of the work would, perhaps, be done for the benefit of the country.

Mr. Hale said there was a Whig party and a Democratic party. The country could not get along without them. Neither party could get along without an organ. The Democratic party had its organ, and the Whigs would support theirs. He was opposed to any delays and hearing causes, but it required some one besides the Globe to know. Organs of all kinds enhanced the bellows boy. The bill was the bellows boy of the Globe. He was in favor of the Senate printing its own work, and would vote against the resolution unless with indifference on both parties; and he could not vote for the Whig party, who had not been supplied with wind for their organs, should hesitate to know more of the merits of the case. Mr. Donaldson & Armstrong could not play on the keys of the Senate, and he could not vote for the resolution.

Mr. Rusk said this was the only time the Whigs and Democrats were in the majority, and the resolution could be passed.

Mr. Butler considered the whole thing preposterous. He had voted against the resolution to print the report of the Patent Office, because he was not prepared to vote, or upon what plan it was designed to be printed.

Messrs. Davis, Mangum, Cooper, Hamlin, Clay, Bell and Atchison concurred the debate, all discussing as to whether any of them the proposed literary of the Senate and contains whether the Superintendent of Census should be employed to prepare the work. The debate adjourned that the night not to act on the resolution, and had before the Senate a plan of the superintendent, and that the subject was going over to the Senate matter. Adjourned.

On the 16th, Mr. Bell presented petitions against the Fugitive Slave Law, from various quarters.

Mr. Badger, from the Select Committee on that subject, reported a measure to prevent the importation and payment of the claims of American citizens on account of captures of the Florida by the British. He gave notice that he would call it up on the first Monday in February.

Mr. Underwood offered a measure to appoint an engineer.

After some debate as to what subject should be considered, the Senate took up the measure on the subject of the Mexican claims.

Mr. Badger spoke upon the subject at length. He maintained that dogging was absolutely necessary for proper order and discipline in the Navy. It was the only punishment which sailors, and the Navy, in spite of pens, would be inefficient, and would be a serious disgrace to the nation. All the glory of the British Navy was owing to the system of dogging. He would say also could not be dispensed with. He would offer a proviso containing expenses adverse to the abolition of flogging. After proofreading, he gave way for the bill to be adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Clemens presented a series of joint resolutions of the Legislature of Virginia, in favor of their sentiments on the policy of the United States with regard to the Fisheries. He thought that the duty of the Government of the United States Government is to encourage whatever is useful to the country, and we have scarcely a more valuable one. They were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Bradbury introduced a bill granting land to Virginia in Arkansas to that State.

The memorial in relation to a restoration of flogging in the Navy was then taken up, when

Mr. Hamlin addressed the Senate nearly two hours in opposition to the measure. He argued that the Navy and various writers on the subject, showing the importance of flogging as a part of the discipline of the Navy.

Mr. Hale said that battle had been fought, and victory was won. He was not in the majority, and he was not sorry for the loss of death of an esteemed friend of Sanford, in the Kentucky Legislature, for the bill had been thoroughly discussed. Regional power error up to the Senate, and he was sorry that he was not personally gather a small favor, and carry on a political war. He was opposed to the measure because the Mother's were recognized that power was not sufficient to enlist in the Navy, because, if they did, they could not be kept in the service of having their feelings hurt and with the aid of somebody. If the alternative were presented to him of flogging or the abolition of the service, he would adopt the former. He had no fault to find with the Secretary, for there was a fair chance of getting into the service. He had been thanked by the executives and orders for the abolition of flogging. He was sorry to say that he could not vote for the measure, and the majority will be carried the bill, and the other man entered to the Senate, and the bill was passed by a majority of the Senate.

On the 19th, Mr. Hamlin presented petitions praying for a Board of Practical Engineers to examine into the causes of the explosions of steam-boilers, and the best means of preventing the loss.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 12th, the resolution of Mr. McNair was adopted, as follows:

That a Committee be appointed to inquire into the existence and stability of the fraudulences of the extension of the Capitol, how had, and whether the strength of the foundation walls will sustain the superstructure about to be erected thereon.

The House Bill, appropriating five thousand dollars for defraying the expenses attending the late fire in the Congressional Library, came back from the Senate with an amendment appropriating ten thousand dollars for the purchase of books.

This amendment was concurred in.

Mr. Thompson said he was informed that this sum and the previous appropriation of the Library would be sufficient to purchase such works as were now out of print, and two years hence would be required to be fitted up in which to place them.

Mr. Stanley asked leave to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That Congress is informed of such suffering among the Indians (Kaffirs), as it may not believe to be in danger of dying and starvation, and the inhabitants of the Territories.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to this House any information he may have of such suffering, and if it appear to be true, he be requested to take such steps as he may deem proper to relieve the distress of the Kaffirs; provided, that no such steps be approved but for the purpose and for the benefit of the Kaffirs.

Mr. Preston King—Did the gentleman vote for the Nebraska bill?

Mr. Stanley—I have to for the exiles, and not for hostile Governments.

Mr. Thompson moved the previous question on the resolution to be introduced—yes 65, nays 102.

On the 13th, the House Committee on Printing, reported in favor of printing, for the use of the House, 10,000 copies of the Report of Mr. Ewbank, on the Census, and 5,000 copies of the Census Survey Report.

In the course of the debate upon the Report, Mr. Fuller, of Maine, stated that in the work now very much in use, the Census of 1840, there were numerous errors. Upon the Census Report there were sheeting the slate for light-house. Upon the Census of 1850 great care had been taken, and the work was now being published, and bringing the work up to July of last year. The Census would be published again for several years. The improvements which have been introduced in the Census of 1850 were the result of suggestions of the other public documents. Adopted, and adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. Hall, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill to grant the right of way to the Mississippi and Atlantic Railroad Company.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill for the Supreme Court in this city. Committed.

Mr. Martin, of Va., from the Committee on Claims, reported a bill for the relief of the heirs of Gen. Lee, of the Revolutionary Army. Committed.

A letter from the Hon. Abbot Lawrence to Mr. Hall, of Massachusetts, dated London, December 31, 1851, was read, in substance, that he was assured by Lord Granville that the Government of Great Britain would not interfere with the Fugitive Slave Law, or any arrangement with regard to slaves, nor from motive to encourage their escape from service. He was also supposing that any American would or could countenance the escape of fugitives from service. He considered that Her Majesty's Government had done all they could, and join in carrying it into effect.

On the 20th, the Senate was sent to the War Indian some time in the Autumn of 1850, and as it has been reported that the Indians were in a state of starvation, he had introduced the resolution.

Mr. Stanly said that any gentleman who had, with the Indians

Selected Poetry.

SHE HATH FALLEN.

BY H. L.

In the chain of life is one,
On her pure soul no sin is dyed;
She hath let the spider in,
She hath entered her with sin.
She hath opened wide the door,
Crime hath pictured the threshold o'er
Wherefore has she gone astray?
Proud Temptation led her way!
He it was on glittering height,
Cautious sought victims of white!

Pause—her story soon is told.
Once a lamb within the fold,
Stronger fiend than her knew
In her sinless innocence.
She knew not nor thought to keep
With the Shepherd of the sheep;
For the fleece, so spotless white,
Hence became the bne of night,
And she stood as her disgrace
Flouting for the Shepherd's eyes

Woe—but none might heal her back
From the lowlands—so far track
Tempter fiendof hell her knew;
Which a wild heaven taught
Therefore came forgiveness from to her,
Softer than the dew of heaven!
And she prayed, all at once,
With the prayer of woe and fear—
Hope and Mercy shot the gate—
Or she never descended?

So she turned again to Sin;
What had she to love or win?
Turning on her life a curse,
Deeper than the brand of Cain.
Heard she not a pitying tone?
Weeping in her shame alone;
Was there not a human heart
In her anguish bore a part?
None—a hopeless night
Settled on her darkened sight!

Yet she lived—let her die!
Send her light, passing by
So she turned again to Sin—
What has she to lose or win?
Better, then, a wave to die,
Fold of darkness for your pall,
So who pass the mine and sit,
Hear—and see from out your wall,
Till the bruised and wounded heart,
Aching from its Tempter's dart,
Rests and weary with its pain,
Shall be healed and healed again!
Till no more defiled by Sin,
Like the anguished Magdalen,
Kneeling in repentance sweet,
Shall my head the Saviour's feet
With her tears, that, while they roll,
Shall the garments from the soul
Do ye ask for your reward?
Blessed they who serve the Lord.

National Era.

Selected Sketch.

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN.

FROM "DERAN SIZE,"
BY H. MARYEL.

What a glow there is in the sun! What warmth—as if does not oppress you with its coolness—yet it is not too cool. The birds sing merrily; you catch yourself watching to see what new song they will take up next, and when the old notes and tirralees—yet what a new melody in their throats!

The clouds hang gorgeous shapes upon the sky—shapes they could hardly ever have in the shiniest below. The grass was never so green, the buttercups never so plenty; there was never such a life in the leaves. It seems to me that the joyousness in you, gives a throb to nature, that made every green thing leap and grow.

Faces too are changed: men look pleasantly; a cheerfulness of thinking children—even babies look tender and lovable. The street beggar at your door is suddenly grown into a fellow-creature, and is one of the most deserving heroes of modern times. Your mind is in a continued fermentment; you dart through your bedroom, with sparkles of pastime—like a sbdy in the sun. No! this isn't possible; you: there is a fall of sadness in your soul, that rocks over danger or doubt, as sea-wires brave calmly and smoothly a storm.

You grow mutually amiable and kind; you are earnest in your saying of things, and in dealings with your office boy, as if he were your bosom friend. You joke demurely with your prim mother-in-law; and give her a shilling over-charge, and hold upon her arm as if you were quite weary at the consideration of it. Now you have the sentiment of the sun, and the sky, and bird, and tall bin be a capital fellow; and don't allow that you are in a bad humour with the world. He says he has no wife—misfortune you think him a very miserable man; and give him a dollar, by way of consolation.

You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well-written—whether upon your side, or upon the other. You think the shareholders have a very good chairman, even with Eric—of which you see a large bodkin —down to mercy day. You think the world is going up—instead of down, or Stroud-ballon, or Holdall, or any of the rest.

You get a pleasant twitt to your fingers, as you saunter along the street; and say—but not as loud as to be overheard—"Is that the prettiest in town?"

You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly, only half as well as you love Madge! You feel quite sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is, that Madge has not been married long since, by scores of enamoured men, and borne off, like the Sabine women in Romish history, to churches over your future, like a boy who has found a guinea, in groping for shipmates. You wonder at the marriage service,—thinking of the time when you will take her hand, and slip the ring upon it; and repeat after the parson—"I endow her—for pioneer; for better—for worse?" A great deal of worse! You wonder what he about it, you think!

Through all, you have most sincere to that sweet visage of the beloved Madge, as light cheers to day. The weeks leap with a bound; and the months grow long, when you have not seen that fog which is to make her yours. There are no more rare evenings to make love to her,—diamonds are too dim for her to wear: pearls are mine.

Then marriage, the weeks are even shorter than before: you wonder why on earth all the days are in the world, and you look instantaneously to the Altar you look upon them all, as a reverend man will look upon a number of veiled Dutch bees, who has never been beyond the limits of his village-garden. Again, marriage, as the parson, you regard as fellow-voyagers; and look upon their wives—ugly as they may be—as brothers and sisters.

You think a little, at first lulling your brother what "your wife" would like; you begin to fret with the grocer for sugars and teas, and wonder if he knows that you are a married man! You grow rather free way of talk upon your office boy—you tell him that "your wife" expects your home to dinner; and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it.

You wonder if the people in the omnibus know, that Madge and you are just married; and by the driver knows, that the shilling you give him is his, in for "salt and wife it!" You wonder if any body was ever so happy before, or ever will be to look at it.

You enter your room upon the hotel books as "Clarence — and Lady ?" and stare at the word as it,—wondering if any body else has noticed it,—and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that the world has just risen to the ball, wishes to possess your pride,—and are astonished that it does not do so.

You wonder if the people in the omnibus know, that Madge and you are just married; and by the driver knows, that the shilling you give him is his, in for "salt and wife it!" You wonder if any body was ever so happy before, or ever will be to look at it.

You enter your room upon the hotel books as "Clarence — and Lady ?" and stare at the word as it,—wondering if any body else has noticed it,—and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that the world has just risen to the ball, wishes to possess your pride,—and are astonished that it does not do so.

You think a little, at first lulling your brother what "your wife" would like; you begin to fret with the grocer for sugars and teas, and wonder if he knows that you are a married man! You grow rather free way of talk upon your office boy—you tell him that "your wife" expects your home to dinner; and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it